

MERRY'S MUSEUM

AND

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

S. G. GOODRICH,

AUTHOR OF PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. X.

JULY, 1845.

No. 1.



Fire.

Is this is the hottest month of the year, we propose to give an article upon *fire*; and, as we have a serious application to make of our subject, we hope the *feelings* of the reader will make the lesson which we desire to enforce sink deeply into his mind.

There is an old adage which says that "fire is a good servant, but a bad master." That this is true, will appear from the facts we are about to state.

Fire is the result of an element diffused through all substances, called *heat*. If you strike a flint against a steel, sparks of fire fly out; which shows that a great deal of heat exists even in cold metal. So there is heat, though in a latent or hidden state,

in the stones, the ground, the trees, the clouds, and the very air. Even in ice there is a great deal of this hidden heat. Thus all things are imbued with it more or less.

But the most wonderful thing in respect to heat is this—that learned men believe that the whole internal mass of our world is a red-hot, melted mass of stones, earths, and metals! They suppose, indeed, that the earth we live upon is a vast ball of red-hot matter, like volcanic lava, with a shell or rind on the outside, just cool enough for animals and plants to live upon!

The reasons for this belief are—*First*, that volcanoes, in different parts of the

earth, frequently send out red-hot lava, which seems like a liquid pouring out of a bottle; and it is supposed that this lava is only a part of the burning bowels of the earth, which is pressed out at the opening in the mountains: *Second*, that the deeper we dig into the earth, the warmer it grows. Men have sunk mines one fourth of a mile into the earth; and, at the bottom of these, they find it so much hotter, that, according to calculation, they would get to melted stones at the depth of less than a hundred miles. So it is thought, by some, that our earthy crust is only about a hundred miles thick! Besides all this, it appears that many of the present rocks and mountains of the earth were once melted so as to flow almost like water. If any of our readers have seen the *pudding-stone*, at Roxbury, near Boston, they have remarked that it was a vast mass of rocks, looking like pudding, in which the plums consisted of millions of rounded pebbles, of various sizes. Near my present residence is one of these rocks, forty feet high, and big enough to feed fifty thousand giants, even though they had all a digestion suited to such delicacies. If any of my little friends doubt the fact, let them come and see me, and I will make the rock speak for itself upon this point.

Well, these pudding-rocks have all been melted; and the supposition is, that they were once deep down in the earth, where they were liquefied by the intense heat; but they have been thrown up to the top by the turmoil of the elements, and become cool and hard. In all parts of the earth, there are similar evidences of the effect of fire. In the north of Ireland, and west of Scotland, there are whole acres of ground covered with rocks which

have evidently been melted, and, when cooled, they were formed, by a process of crystallization, into regular five and seven-sided pillars. Such facts as these serve to show that, in long-past ages, nearly every part of the present land-surface of the globe has been steeped in an ocean of lava, from which it has been thrown up, and, by parting with its heat, or caloric, has become cool and hard.

These are some of the reasons for supposing that we inhabit a mighty world of melted matter, which is only skinned over by a rind of earth and rocks — just as a cocoa-nut has a milky fluid, enclosed by a hard shell.

Now, this idea is a fearful one, if we fail to consider that we are all in the hands of a benignant Father, who has built this house for us, and appointed it as our dwelling-place. If we have no faith, no confidence, no trust, in that Father, how terrific is the thought that we dwell upon the shell of a volcanic abyss, and that a hundred miles beneath our feet is an unfathomable mass of liquid fire! If this be so, we may talk of the everlasting hills, and the eternal mountains, but such language is vain; for the hills and the mountains themselves have been deluged, not by water only, but by raging seas of lava; and what has been may be again.

If, however, we look to the providence of God, and study his ways aright, then, though we shall feel our own insignificance, we shall be impressed with the benignity and wisdom of the Creator, even in view of this doctrine of central fire. Heat, we know, is the great instrument of life. By this, the trees, the shrubs, and the plants, spring into existence. Banish heat, and the whole vegetable kingdom perishes

from the face of the earth. The same is true of animal life; heat is the power by which it exists. The elephant and the lizard, the whale and the minnow, the bird of the forest and the insect of the breeze, alike live through the power of heat. Without it, every thing that moves would sink into everlasting silence and death.

We regard the sun, generally, not only as the fountain of light, but as that also of heat. When, during the winter months, it retires to the south, summer vanishes, the flowers die, and every thing seems rushing into a state of desolation. The whole vegetable kingdom is laid to repose; and from this it would never awake, but for the return of the sun, which chases back the frost and the tempest, and restores the soft, flowery dominion of spring.

But although the sun is, in some mysterious way, connected with the production of heat, it is thought that, but for the supply also derived from the great bonfire in the bowels of the earth, our planet would be covered with everlasting snows, and, in short, be as little habitable as a big lump of ice!

These are some of the speculations of wise men, and there is little doubt that they are founded in truth. What a beneficent, yet fearful thing, in this view of our subject, is fire! How terrible the thought that we dwell on a vast burning coal-pit! yet how admirable that it is so gauged and so managed by the Creator as to be the beneficent source of the endless beauty and unspeakable bliss scattered over a world peopled with myriads of living, breathing, feeling beings!

If we were to leave these theories, and tell the story of fire as recorded in histo-

ry, we should still come to the conclusion that, as a master, it is terrible, though exceedingly useful as an instrument of our necessities. How many cities have been laid in ashes by fire, when it has gained the ascendancy! There is scarcely a great city in the world that has not again and again been made desolate by this terrible element. Within the present year, and in our own country, how many of our towns have been visited by the devouring flames!

And yet, fearful as are its ravages, what could we do without fire? Even if we could keep our fingers and toes warm in winter, still what should we do for food? If we could eat raw flesh, like savages; if we could forego pies and puddings, toast and tarts, pastry and preserves,—still what should we do for bread, the very staff of life? And what should we do for our tools, if we had no fire by which to forge them? We should be mere savages without knives, axes, saws, files, planes, hammers, or nails, and of course should have no ships, no framed houses, no books,—nothing that belongs to an enlightened and civilized people.

Thus fire is an admirable servant, and no wonder that so many contrivances should have been resorted to by mankind to produce it. Among savages, they light a fire by rubbing two dry sticks together very swiftly. Formerly it was the custom to light a fire by sparks struck from steel, with a flint, into a box of tinder. Of late, friction matches have been invented, and any body supplied with them can light a fire at will. Though this invention is very convenient, yet I fear that it is the source of many of the conflagrations which have recently spread terror and desolation among many of our towns.

It is a sad thing to reflect that every thing good is often turned by mankind to the purposes of evil. Fire, which is meant to be the benefactor of mankind, has frequently been used for the most wicked purposes. History tells us that men, women, and children, have been tied to a stake, and burned to ashes, because they did not and could not believe in certain religious doctrines! History tells us of a church whose priests and ministers, for hundreds of years, burned to death unbelievers in their doctrines, holding this to be agreeable to Christianity and pleasing to God!

It is probable that these facts will strike most of our readers with horror; but I must say one thing more, which is hardly less shocking. We know that around us, on all sides, there are persons so lost to all sense of humanity, as to set fire to buildings, for the purpose of having opportunities to plunder during the period of the conflagration. Nay, it is clear that *boys* have lately set fire to buildings, and consequently reduced hundreds of dwellings to ashes, only for the *fun* of it! One thing more still. Some children have been so *careless*, of late, that many houses have been reduced to ashes, and the people who lived in them have been made houseless and homeless.

Now, my young friends, I have some practical lessons to draw from this long story about fire. It is a good servant, useful in a thousand ways, if properly employed; but it is a terrible scourge, if turned to the purposes of destruction. It is given to mankind for good, but man has often made it the instrument of evil, either by design or carelessness.

Fire is now at the command of every one who can buy or beg a friction match; *every boy may now carry a conflagration in his pocket*. This state of things calls upon us all for new rules of caution. Thousands of houses have been burned within the last year, either through carelessness or by design, in consequence of the facility of kindling fire by friction matches. Let every one, young and old, therefore, be more careful in future; and let us all inculcate a sense of humanity which may render it impossible for any one to grow up among us so wicked as to set fire to another's dwelling. If we shrink with horror from those dark ages in which man burned his fellow-man for his religious faith, surely we ought also to shrink with fear from the carelessness or the design which would burn down the house, and perhaps consign its inmates to destruction. "How great a matter a little fire kindleth!" It is said that the late conflagration at Pittsburg, which consumed a thousand houses, and ten millions of property, was caused by the drunkenness of an old woman; and intemperance has often been the occasion of similar evils. Let every one beware of a condition in which he may thus injure his fellow-beings; for drunkenness cannot excuse the mischief to which it leads.

ANECDOTE. — When Napoleon was an officer of artillery, a Prussian officer said in his presence, with much pride, "My countrymen fight only for glory; but Frenchmen fight for money." "You are right," retorted Napoleon; "each nation fights for what it is most in want of."

Travels and Adventures in Circassia, by Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER my return to Boston from my travels in Italy, of which I have given an account in the early volume of Merry's Museum, I made a journey across the American continent to California, by which I acquired considerable information, though my trading speculations did not turn out quite so profitably as I could have wished. Of my adventures on this expedition, I may some time or other give an account. I got home again, after escaping many perils from Indians, Spaniards, bears, and buffaloes; but growing uneasy, like Robinson Crusoe, at home, in a short time I began to wish myself again on my rambles. Just about this time, Captain Scudder, with whom I sailed on my first voyage, had bought a new, fast-sailing brig, and was loading her for Constantinople. It came into my head that I could not do better than to sail with him to that famous city, and then make an excursion into the country, in order to discover, as the Yankee captain said when he steered up the Thames to London, what sort of people lived there. So, without more ado, I purchased a number of bales of Lowell cottons, as an adventure for speculation among the Turks, and took passage with Captain Scudder, in the brig Joyful, for Constantinople.

On this occasion, I shall omit my sea adventures, of which I gave a pretty copious chapter in my former narrative. The Joyful had a prosperous passage; and she sailed up the archipelago, among

the Greek islands, and through the Hellespont, was delightful; but I cannot stop to give particulars. Constantinople presents a most magnificent view from without, and its harbor is the noblest in the world. The city looks larger than Paris or London, although, in reality, it is smaller than either; but its peculiar situation makes it show to the best advantage. Within, the aspect of the city is not equally favorable; the streets are narrow, crooked, and wretchedly paved; in a great many of them, there is hardly room for two persons to pass each other. The buildings are generally of the Moorish character, with very little variety. They have large projecting roofs, and great jutting wooden porches over the doors and windows. Nearly all of them are built of wood and badly-burnt brick.

The dense crowds of people, passing all day long through the streets, indicate a very great population. Notwithstanding these constantly-moving multitudes, the streets and passages of every description are choked up with all sorts of encumbrances, but chiefly with stalls and baskets, behind which the Turks sit in squatting postures, selling eatables for men and dogs. The human customers are regaled with sweetmeats, fruits, confectionary, and various sorts of pastry. The dog dishes consist of what we Yankees call turnovers, stuffed with materials fit to comfort a dog's stomach, but which I need not describe more particularly. Anecdotes laughable enough are current concerning these bow-wow delicacies. A crew of English sailors once boarded a

tray-full of them, and devoured them all for good Christian pies. They soon discovered the character of the dainty mess which they had swallowed, and the consequences are not to be described by any one but a dog-doctor. We may guess how the Turks laughed at the joke, or rather how they *would have* laughed, were they not of too grave a character to indulge in such levity.

On the subject of dogs, I must say that all the cities I have ever seen must yield the palm to Constantinople. It ought to be named *Dogtown*, for the dogs constitute a regular class of its citizens, and actually give a distinctive tone to the place. Regular squadrons and battalions of them occupy the several quarters of the city, living on the offal and filth of the streets, acting as public scavengers, and keeping up a constant yelling and howling, to which the cries of London and Paris, and the hubbub of Naples, are very small singing. It would really seem as if these animals had a regularly-organized police established among themselves; for no dog, except by accident, goes out of his own district; and whenever any one of them, by an extraordinary cause, leaves his allotted territory to scout elsewhere, the alarm is instantly given in the quarter invaded; and a general barking and growling announce an intruder upon the premises.

The dog population of Constantinople is a great nuisance to the stranger who walks the streets. In the daytime they come swarming around you,—great gaunt-looking tykes, black, brown, red, white, yellow, and gray, indescribably hideous in shape and countenance; and you must look out for your steps, or you

will stumble over them to your cost, though they will sometimes crouch, fawn, and slink out of your way. But at night they are really formidable, attacking the passengers with the ferocity of wolves; so that no one need think of venturing abroad without a stout bludgeon or other effective weapon. As to sleeping, in Constantinople, it seems out of the question entirely to a stranger; for the incessant nightly yelling and howling are enough to drive a nervous man mad; but the Turks, who are accustomed to this noise from their infancy, mind it no more than a sailor does the babbling of the waves.

Nothing is more striking than the appearance of a *pacha*, or man of note, passing along the street of the great city. A number of his guards precede him, armed with pistols and cimeters, to clear the way, making no scruple of knocking down every man before them who does not immediately take to his heels. The great man follows them, riding on his fiery Turkish barb, supported on each side by two attendants, and with two in his rear. These grandees amuse themselves by riding up and down through the streets of the bazaars; and all the people exhibit towards them the most abject submission. To describe the national character in a word, whatever in the Turk is not tyrant is slave.

One circumstance strikes the traveller as singular, when looking at the immense population of Constantinople; and this is, that, in the half-million of people that fill the streets of this great city, all appear of one sex. Shopkeeping, and all kinds of trade, are transacted solely by men; and the Turkish women, when they go abroad, have both the face and the body

so enveloped by their dress, that nothing of the female form or features is discernible. The women of the Franks scarcely ever make their appearance in the street. Among these dense masses of people, the profoundest silence seems to prevail; and after seven or eight o'clock in the evening, all the streets are empty, with the exception of a Turk here and there, carrying a long paper lantern. Even if it be a bright moonlight night, this practice is continued; for it is a regulation of the police, that every man who goes out of doors after sunset shall carry a lantern, whether it be dark or not. Besides these paper lanterns, there are no lights whatever to be seen. As the men disappear from the streets, the dogs take possession, and the canine serenade begins.

You may suppose that my first care was to sell off my Lowell cottons. With this view I visited the grand bazaars, to inquire into the state of the markets. These bazaars are large alleys, composed of ranges of shops or stalls, forming the most perplexing labyrinths to a stranger, for it is next to impossible for a man to find his way among them at first. The Turkish shopkeepers squat upon their counters like tailors at work, and never move till a customer comes to give them a stir, when they get up and hand down the goods which lie packed on the shelves behind them. Whatever things you ask for, they usually make a point of producing their best goods last, and often show an indifference, and even reluctance, about selling their wares. But a sharp Yankee can easily see through the trick, as this is only a pretence which they put

forward in order to get a higher price: the Turkish shopkeepers, like many of the Italians, always ask three or four times as much as they expect to get. This practice is, in some degree, a matter of necessity at Constantinople; for, when a trader arrives here with a cargo of goods, he finds no newspaper or price-current to inform him of the state of the market, and his only method of knowing what his commodities are worth, is to demand a very high price, and judge of their market value from the offers of his customers.

Having disposed of my goods at Constantinople, I began to look round for some new field of adventure, and I deliberated whether I should proceed next to Smyrna or Egypt; but about this time there began to be a considerable talk about the Circassians, who were then at war with Russia. I felt a great degree of interest about these people, who were represented to me as a race of hardy freemen, who had for some time successfully resisted all the attempts of the Russian armies to penetrate into their country. Every body has heard of the beauty of the Circassian women, whom the Turks purchase at high prices for their wives and slaves. I could get very little information from books respecting Circassia; for it appeared that hardly a traveller had ever visited the country, so that it was little better than an unknown region to the rest of the world. It occurred to me that, if I could make my way into that country, something profitable might be done in the way of trade, or, at least, a good story might be told about it. Now, where there is a strange country, full of pretty women, to see, with

a chance for business and writing a book, who would not be ready for the adventure?

Circassia lies on the eastern side of the Black Sea, just to the north of the Caucasian Mountains. The Russians claim the sovereignty of the territory; but they have never had the people in complete subjection. The Turks, at one time, established themselves in a part of the country; but, at the period of my visit to Constantinople, the Circassians were masters of their own territory, with the exception of a few spots occupied by the armies and garrisons of the Russian invaders. Several Russian ships of war were cruising on the coast, to intercept any supplies which might be sent to the Circassians by sea, so that all access to the country seemed to be difficult and dangerous. However, I determined to venture. The people, with whom I conversed at Constantinople respecting the undertaking, considered me half mad to entertain so desperate a project. Some Russian officers, who had served in campaigns against the Circassians, assured me that these people were all robbers by profession; so ferocious, that no kindness could tame them; so treacherous, that no bargain or promise could bind them; continually engaged in civil wars among themselves; and so utterly destitute of truth and humanity, that they would not hesitate to extend one hand in friendship, and murder with the other.

I was told, moreover, that, in case I was captured by the Russian cruisers, I should inevitably be hanged; and that, if I was lucky enough to escape them, and get safe into Circassia, the inhabitants would seize me, and sell me for a slave.

But I looked upon these as bugbear stories, designed to terrify me from my undertaking. I told the Russians that the hemp was not yet sown that should hang me; and as to being caught, and sold for a slave, they might set their hearts at ease about that, for I was a Yankee, and that was enough.

After a short search among the shipping in the Golden Horn of Constantinople, I found a Turkish polacre brig, the captain of which was willing to take a freight for me, and run the risk of a voyage to Circassia. I agreed to pay him five thousand piastres, which make about two hundred and fifty dollars, for the voyage out, after which he might get home as he pleased. Having previously inquired what goods were in demand among the Circassians I loaded the vessel with salt, pig-lead steel, and an assortment of dry goods consisting mostly of coarse white calico striped cotton cloth, and blue gingham,—all which are articles that meet with a ready sale in the country to which I was going. The cloths, in particular, have a standard value there, and serve instead of a currency; for the Circassians have no money. So many pieces of cotton, or *top*, as they are called, determine the value of all other property, as slaves, horses, guns, swords, &c. These cloths are all of Turkish manufacture, and yield a good profit in Circassia, costing twelve or fourteen piastres at Constantinople, and selling for double that price among the mountaineers. There are no duties to pay on them, for the Circassians know nothing of custom-houses; the reason of which will be seen when I come to describe the manners and political condition of the people.

Having completed our lading, we weighed anchor with the first southerly wind, soon cleared the Strait of the Bosphorus, and launched into the wide expanse of the Black Sea.

Our captain was a large, stout, brawny fellow, with a bronzed and weather-beaten countenance, that showed he had seen plenty of rough service. He was evidently a fighting character; and an ugly scar across his visage made him look really formidable. The men appeared to be French, Spanish, and Italian renegades, for the most part; and I have little doubt they were sad fellows at bottom, for they had the appearance of as genuine pirates as ever scuttled ship. They wore great, black, bushy mustachios, and each man was girt with a red shawl, stuck full of daggers and pistols. With these hopeful companions I passed many days, and, in spite of their villanous looks, found them communicative and good-humored. They told me all sorts of wild stories; for most of them could talk fluently in Italian, Spanish, and *Lingua Franca*, or that popular jumble of different languages which is current all over the Mediterranean. Our captain gave me the whole history of his life; for these fellows will readily disclose their piratical adventures. If his tale was true, he had seen enough to furnish materials for half a dozen romances.

We found the navigation here pretty rough compared with that of the Mediterranean: strong northerly and westerly winds kept up a perpetually boisterous sea; but, luckily, they enabled us to steer our course. After several days tossing over the blue billows of the Euxine, we discovered the snow-clad summits of the Caucasian Mountains, towering majesti-

cally up to the skies, at a distance. These mountains were many leagues in the interior of the country; yet, to our eyes, they seemed to rise at once from the water's edge. I gazed at these stupendous heights in admiration, and thought of the times when they were the objects of so much wonder and terror to the Greeks, and the Oriental nations, who have made them the scene of so many fables and romances. There was Prometheus supposed to have been chained to the rock; and this was the mighty wall that was imagined to surround the universe.

As we sailed along the coast, we could distinctly see the little cottages of the Circassians, with the smoke gracefully curling up from the chimneys; snug little farm-yards, surrounded with groves and orchards, looking as if they were the abodes of peace and contentment. We could even spy the shepherds in their pastoral costume, with long spears in their hands, tending their flocks and herds. In the fields we saw great numbers of men, women, and children, cutting down the waving corn; while the camels and buffaloes, laden with the sheaves, were slowly winding their way homeward through the deep valleys. It seemed difficult to believe that this enchanting region was the seat of war, and that a hostile army was close at hand, ready to waste it with fire and sword. The time, however, was not far distant when the roar of cannon was to resound through these peaceful valleys, causing the hardy mountaineer to gird on his sword, and his affrighted spouse, with streaming eyes, to press her babe closer to her bosom, and flee to the mountain-top.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Misfortunes of a Yellow-Bird.

WHEN I gained the first knowledge I had of my own existence, I found myself resting very comfortably in the hollow of a neat little house, built of divers materials, such as straw, thread, mud, &c., all being very ingeniously worked together, giving the nest the two needful qualities of strength and warmth. To the truth of the former quality I can give full testimony; having employed myself, during my long confinement after birth, in the vain attempt of pulling to pieces my rustic abode.

I had several brothers and sisters for my companions. For many days we lay very quietly, and moved only to receive the food which our kind parents brought us. The foliage of the tree in which our nest was built was very thick, afforded a delightful shelter from the sun, and reflected mild and pleasant light upon our just-opening eyes. After a few days, our bodies became strangely metamorphosed, and we appeared like new creatures, in our dress of yellow, ornamented with black edgings. I was much surprised at the sudden change, yet pleased; for truly we were rather uncouth-looking animals at our first appearance. So happy were we now, with our splendid garb, that we began to chirp, and made many awkward attempts to get out of our nest. We at last succeeded in our efforts to gain the edge of it, and felt quite proud at our wonderful achievement; and our parents sang merrily over us. In a few days, these fond parents taught us to spread our wings and fly to the nearest branches of the tree in which we lived; and soon we

were able to fly to all the neighboring trees.

We were now perfectly happy. Our days were spent in singing and flying, and feasting ourselves from the newly-budded trees around us, and our nights in quiet and undisturbed repose. We dreamed not of the evil that was awaiting us; but it came; and those happy days which I once knew will, I fear, never return.

One beautiful morning, we had all been amusing ourselves by hopping from branch to branch, and flying from tree to tree, until we were quite tired, and had returned to our nest. We had just quietly laid ourselves to rest, and our parents had gone in search of food, when we heard a loud noise beneath the tree, and immediately the bough on which our home was built began to shake so violently, that we were every moment in danger of being thrown down. We were all much terrified, but remained in our nest. In that we had ever found a refuge from the storm, from the birds who were our enemies, and from every other danger which had before threatened us. We therefore clung to it now as our only hope. Presently something was thrown over our nest, which left us in perfect darkness. We were almost dead with fright, and our nest was torn rudely from the tree. Then, for the first time, we heard the sound of the human voice; it sounded harsh and stunning to our ears, and only increased our fear. We were carried some distance with great care. We were then uncovered, but where we were I knew not; fright prevented my knowing.

The first thing I was conscious of, was being separated from my dear brothers

and sisters, and being placed in a very odd thing, which the people round me called a *cage*. I looked about as soon as I was placed in this, and found myself surrounded by numerous boys, some talking loudly, others screaming, until I nearly fainted with fear. My prison-house looked so slight and frail, that I imagined, by beating it, I might force my way out. So I commenced flying against the sides, until, seeing it had no effect, I sank down exhausted by fright and exertion. Many of the boys thought I was dying, and begged my release; but the cruel boy who stole me from my happy home would not grant their request.

For weeks I was kept a prisoner; they treated me *kindly* — but it was *slavery*. O, how I sighed for my own dear home, for my native woods, with their beautiful shades and the dear music of my woodland loves! O, *freedom* is sweet to the bird, as well as to man! The boys seemed to love me. I could have loved them, had they given me *liberty*.

Since my captivity, there are many kind faces that look at me, as though they wish to set me free; there is one who has often begged for my release, but my hard-hearted master will not grant it. He says he wishes to keep me; and for what wicked purpose, think you? What but, as he says, to lure other birds into his snares! So I have had in my cage a trap fixed, well baited; and it has been my duty to sing, and thus call the birds into the trap.

One day a cat passed my cage, and the friendly creature — beast though she is — would have opened for me a passage out of my prison, had not the boys, seeing her designs, driven her away. When

my imprisonment will end, I know not. I live only in the hope that my master's heart will be softened by my unhappy situation, and that he will set me free. Had I a human voice, I would tell him how cruel he is thus to imprison me, and to make my confinement the means of reducing others into the same slavery. And if he would not hear my complaint, I would then appeal to his master, and try to touch his heart with my story, and beg of him to reprove my hard-hearted keeper, and open the door of my prison; and then might I hope to return to my beautiful home in the tree!

Juvenile Miscellany.

Youthful Improvement.

THE late General Harrison, president of the United States, appears, from the following anecdote, to have considered that the moral improvement of the young is of greater value in preventing crime than the ordinary penal checks that are interposed. On one occasion, he was engaged in assisting the gardener to adjust some grape-vines. The latter remarked that there would be but little use in training the vines, so far as any fruit was concerned, as the boys would come on Sunday, while the family were at church, and steal all the grapes; and he suggested to the general, as a guard against such a loss, that he should purchase an active watch-dog. "It would be better," replied he, "to employ an active Sabbath-school teacher. A dog may take care of the grapes, but a good Sabbath-school teacher will take care of the grapes and the boys too."



The Ass.

THOUGH this animal has a stupid look, there are few creatures that possess so much intelligence, or have given rise to so many pleasing anecdotes. The following account will show the extraordinary power of instinct which belongs to the race : —

In 1816, an ass belonging to Captain Dundas was shipped on board the *Ister*, bound from Gibraltar to Malta. The vessel struck on a sand-bank off the Point-de-Gat, and the ass was thrown overboard into a sea which was so stormy that a boat, which soon after left the ship, was lost. In the course of a few days, when the gates of Gibraltar were opened in the morning, the guard was surprised by the same ass, which had so recently been removed, presenting itself for admittance.

On entering, it proceeded immediately to the stable which it had formerly occupied. The ass had not only swum ashore,

but found its way from Point-de-Gat to Gibraltar, a distance of more than two hundred miles, through a mountainous and intricate country, intersected by streams which it had never passed before, but which it had crossed so expeditiously that it must have gone by a route leading the most directly to Gibraltar.

JUSTICE. — When we begin to form a better opinion of one against whom we had conceived a strong prejudice, we seem to discover in every feature, in his voice, and manner, fresh marks of good disposition, to which we were before strangers.

THE English language expresses the Deity more appropriately than any other; for God is the contraction of the Saxon *good*.

Power of Thought.

In plants we find instinct: in the sponge, instinct and sensation; in the elephant, instinct, sensation, and intelligence; so in the man we find all these, crowned with reason and a soul. But, with all these possessions, what is a young human being? The most helpless of creatures. The chick, bursting its prison walls, runs off, tortoise-like, with the shell upon its back. The kitten frisks upon the hearth in the exuberance of a new and delightful existence. Throw it from the table upon which, from stool to chair, it has clambered,—do you kill it? It scampers away, evidently well pleased with the adventure. Not so with the infant. Caress or handle it with maternal tenderness, its feeble accents are only those of pain and weakness; even the glad light of the morning is a source of pain, and we, forsooth, must blanket out the day to insure its comfort. Withdraw the supporting arm, and it falls helpless to the ground. Let the vernal breezes, so bracing, so full of life, to beast, bird, insect, and flower, blow upon it,—do they invigorate its little frame? They rather rack it with an ague. Turn its face toward the most beautiful landscape; it does not see it; but let the tongs jingle in the corner, and its attention is quickly arrested; and if, perchance, a tiny copy is pictured upon the magic canvas of its eye, it receives no pleasure. What! no pleasure in the beauties of nature, the handiwork of God! Is it then a little brute? Stay your judgment, and look again. Its first birthday has gone by; perhaps its second. Now a smile lights up its counte-

nance. Give it a rattle, or a toy; it tosses its little arms about, as though it would perform some wondrous feat, and crows with very glee; its clear, blue eye beams with something like intelligence. It has learned to balance itself; and, exulting in its newly-acquired powers, it attempts a little journey from the cradle to the chair: the experiment is a perilous one; still it totters on; and now a cry of delight announces the success of its enterprise. Frown upon it; inquiry is mirrored in its eyes, and wonder is depicted on its parted lips. Speak a harsh word; ah, you have gone too far! those spirit-windows are dimmed, and its cheeks suffused with tears.

All this is interesting; but do not some other animals display abilities almost equal? Need we seek a more extended or copious language for the young child, than for the dog? Cannot every feeling of the former find a sound, a look, or a gesture, to express it, in the vocabulary of the latter? Such a sentiment may conflict with the foolish pride of the heart, but it is nevertheless true. Will the natural language of cries, looks, and gestures, be adapted to the capacities of this being, when it shall have attained its full stature, during subsequent periods of its existence? Let us see. A few more birthdays have been celebrated by the fond parents of that blue-eyed, laughing child. A child no longer, a man now, he loves to contemplate nature. He looks, where beast or bird has never looked, "*through* nature up to God." That frail thing, that, a few years ago, was laid moaning on the downy pillow, enshrines an ever-living soul,—an "embryo god,"—a soul, like your own, noble in its origin, powers,

and destiny. His mind, immortal as its Author, has gone forth, and, from the material universe, has gathered a universe of his own; a world of thought, as wonderful as that system which surrounds him; of thought, all living like itself. His spirit, endowed with almost creative power, has formed and peopled it.

What a being that mind of yours is! Are you not conscious of what I tell you? How often, when the curtains of night have been drawn around you, and you have closed your eyes, but not to sleep, have images of the past, and thoughts of the future, occupied that part of you which thinks; when the sports of the day have been renewed with heightened pleasure; companions seemed dearer to you than ever; and you have been as interested and delighted as you ever were in beholding the most beautiful scenery of earth! This is what I mean by an internal world.

I presume you have sometimes seen, in your rambles in the field or forest, tall trees, stripped of their bark, and, perhaps, riven throughout the whole extent of their huge trunks: you knew that such could only be the effects of lightning. But did you ever *see* its splintered fire, bursting from the cloud, strike some distant tree or spire? now, let loose, from its dark magazine, and almost before another now, the object wrapped in flame? What can outstrip the lightning? *Nothing*, do you say? Yes; *you* possess that which can leave the winged arrows of heaven far behind. Do you ask what it is? I answer, *Thought*. When you saw that bolt descending, did you not think of some giant oak which you had often passed, and as often admired, on your way to

school? or of the dwelling of a neighbor whom you loved, situated in that direction, which might be injured or destroyed? Did not the accounts, which you had heard or read, of loss of property and life, flash upon your mind? and all this, before the loud, sharp thunder betokened the stroke? How many times, think you, your mind could travel from earth to heaven, and return, before the lightning reached its destined mark? In a clear evening, do you not sometimes fix your eye upon a distant star, that shines away up in the blue sea of space? Doubtless you do; and, as you continue gazing, and begin to realize that the "lucid point" is *not* "a needle's puncture to let God's glory through," but a vast world, which,

"Perhaps, illumines some system of its own
With the strong influence of a radiant sun,"

and, as a vast chronometer of heaven, poised and propelled by God's own hand, gilded with living light, beats *ages* in its ceaseless swing,—do not your thoughts fly up where your eyes can scarcely see? But did you ever *wait* for them to make their journey there? You readily answer, "No." And yet the very light that meets your eye, and apprizes you of that star's existence, though flying at the rate of one hundred and ninety-three thousand miles in a single second, may have "left its far fountain twice three years ago."

Attractions of Language.

MEN are like weathercocks, which are never constant or fixed, but when they are worn out or rusty.

Nothing is impossible to a willing mind.

A Good Temper.

AMIAILITY of temper is, in most instances, more highly valued than personal attractions; and it often happens that the most amiable in disposition are the most plain in appearance. The following narrative illustrates this in a pleasing manner:—

“A beautiful girl, gay, lively, and agreeable, was married to a man of clumsy figure, coarse features, and stupid-looking physiognomy. One of her intimate friends said to her, one day, ‘My dear Julia, excuse me; but how came you to marry that man?’

“‘The question is a natural one. My husband, I confess, is not graceful in his appearance, nor attractive in his conversation; but he is so amiable! and *goodness*, although less fascinating than beauty or wit, will please equally, at least, and is certainly more durable. We often see objects which appear repulsive at first; but if we see them every day, we soon regard them, not only without aversion, but with feelings of attachment. The impression which goodness makes on the heart is gradual; but it remains forever. Listen, and I will tell you how I came to marry my husband. I was quite young when he was introduced, for the first time, into the house of my parents. He was awkward in his manner, uncouth in his appearance, and my companions used often to ridicule him. I confess I was frequently tempted to join them, but was restrained by my mother, who used to say to me in a low voice, ‘He is so amiable!’ and then it occurred to me that he was always kind and obliging; and whenever our villagers assembled together

at our fêtes and dances, he was always at the disposal of the mistress of the house, and was kind in his attentions to those whose age or ugliness caused them to be neglected. Others laughed at his singularity in this respect, but I whispered to myself, ‘He is so amiable!’”

“‘One morning, my mother called me into her chamber, and told me that the young man, who is now my husband, had made application for my hand. I was not surprised at this, for I already suspected that he regarded me with an eye of affection. I was now placed in a dilemma. I hardly knew how to act. When I recollected his ill-favored look, and his awkward manner, I was on the point of saying, ‘I will not wed him;’ but when I recalled the many excellent traits in his character, and dwelt on his benevolence and good actions, I dismissed the idea of banishing him from my presence; I could not resolve to afflict him, and I whispered to myself, ‘He is so amiable!’ He continued to visit me, encouraged by my parents, and cheered by my smiles. My other admirers, one by one, left me; but I did not regret their absence. I repeated the expression, ‘He is so amiable,’ so often, that it seemed to me to carry the same meaning as ‘He is so handsome.’ I loved him; I married him. Since then, I have been not only resigned to my fate, but happy. My husband loves me devotedly, and how can I help loving him?’”

THE ancient kings of England used to keep *minstrels*; then *jesters* were maintained, under the Tudors; and James I converted them into *poets laureate*.



The Mirror.

SEE, here is Lucy, gazing in the glass,
Delighted there her little form to find;—
But let me whisper to you, little lass,
The face is but a mirror of the mind.

If thy young heart is angry, in that face
The ugly passion lowers, and all may see
So, if thou wishest beauty, cherish grace
In all thy thoughts, and handsome thou
shalt be.

Laura Bridgeman and her Mother.

OUR young readers will, doubtless, be interested in the following touching description of the meeting of Laura Bridgeman, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, with her mother, from Dr. Howe's report:—

“Six months after Laura had left her home, her mother came to visit her. She stood some time gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently, Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to

find out if she knew her; but not succeeding, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt that her beloved child did not know her.

“She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognized by the child at once; and with much joy she put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly to say she understood the beads were from home. The mother now tried to caress her, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be among her acquaintances.

"Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested; she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she came from Hanover. She even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold; for, although she had feared she should not be recognized, yet the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child was too much for a woman's nature to bear.

"After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to cross Laura's mind that this could not be a stranger. She, therefore, felt her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest. She became very pale, and then suddenly red — hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety; and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face. At this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side and kissed her fondly; when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all distrust and anxiety disappeared from her flushed face, as, with an expression of exceeding joy, she eagerly nestled in the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

"After this, the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom, but a moment before, she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if be-

wildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms and clung to her with eager joy."

The parting between Laura and her mother showed alike the affection, the intelligence, and the resolution, of the child.

"Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way, until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused, and felt around to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving, or rather feeling, the matron, of whom she was very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other, and thus she stood for a moment; then she dropped her mother's hand, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and, turning round, clung sobbing to the matron, while her mother departed, with emotion as deep as that of the child."

The Tame Sparrow.

ABOUT fifty years ago, an invalid French soldier, as he trundled himself about the hospital grounds in a little go-cart, happened to pick up a young sparrow, which had fallen from the nest. He fed the bird abundantly, and took very tender care of him, until he was strong enough to fly; and then he bestowed upon him the most precious of all gifts — his liberty. For mere amusement, he had fastened a little bell to the neck of the sparrow; and either from habit, or because the other birds were frightened at the bell, the little creature came back, after a few hours' absence, perched on the shoulder of his instructor, entered the hospital with

him, and placed himself in the cage, according to his usual custom. Though allowed to fly away whenever he chose, Philip (for that was his name) never failed to return to his kind master. The poor invalid sometimes suffered excruciating pains; and at such seasons the sparrow would never leave his bed until he was well enough to go out and take the air again. He expressed his lamentations by a peculiar cry; he tried by caresses to soothe his master's pain; and when he perceived that he was drowsy, he flew upon the front post of the bed, and remained there, as if to warn people not to disturb his slumbers.

As soon as he saw any of the invalids that belonged to the hospital, he knew them immediately by the blue dress which they all wore; but he never made any mistake in distinguishing his master; nor would he allow any other person to take him, if they caressed him ever so much.

Sometimes, when he was abroad in the fields, the weather became stormy or cold, and when he sought to return to his cage, he found the door of the hospital shut. On such occasions, this intelligent little bird would watch for the first person he could spy in a blue dress, and, perching on his shoulder, would enter the hospital with him.

If the other birds made war upon him, he took refuge upon the hat of some old soldier, and, seated there securely, would seem to defy all their insults. Yet he was by no means without courage; for, if the sound of his bell attracted five or six enemies at a time, he would boldly defend himself as long as he had strength to do so. He was so accustomed to his little bell, that he was very unhappy without it.

They perceived this circumstance, for the first time, when some person, who had caught him in a snare, clipped his wings and tail, and took the bell from his neck. After two days Philip escaped, and returned to his old master; but he seemed very stupid and sad, and refused his customary food. This lasted eight days; but when his master furnished him with a new bell, his usual gayety returned.

He feared nothing so much as the cat. When he wanted to sleep, he would not enter his cage unless his master was by to shut the door. He would hop from bed to bed, until he found some of the invalids awake; and, in order to put himself more securely under their protection, he would creep into their knapsack or coat-pocket.

He was generally very punctual to return before dark; but if he happened to be too late, and found the door shut, he pecked at the window, to let them know he had arrived. He usually went out very early in the morning, and the invalids could always judge of the weather by his actions. If it promised to be an unpleasant day, the sparrow soon came back to his master's bed, and did not again offer to leave the room.

Another sparrow, which was a stranger to him, happened one day to be attacked by several other sparrows in the court of the hospital. They plucked out his feathers, and pecked at him so furiously, that the poor little creature was almost torn in pieces, when Philip flew to his assistance. He threw himself into the midst of the fight, drove away the quarrelsome birds, and would not leave the little sufferer till he was safely restored to his nest.

Irish Waiters.

THE Irish waiter is seldom well dressed, and is familiar in his manners, but by no means vulgar. He will cheat you in a bargain, but he will not rob you; he is good-humored, but as cunning as a fox. The waiter at Lismore was a rare specimen of his class. He was a stout, sailor-like looking fellow, keen and vigilant when there was a chance for amusement, but idle enough in laying a cloth or brushing a coat. "I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, "but there's a cruel draught at that window; stay till I move the chair; and sure I'd rather that the gentleman should catch a salmon, than that your honor should catch cold at Lismore."

Another waiter, who amused us much, was an active little man, at Derry, who endeavored to persuade us that every thing in the house was the best that could be obtained in all Ireland. "These eggs are done too much." "The finest eggs in all Ireland, ma'am; but I'll make an alteration in them." "Is your mutton good?" "The best in all Ireland, ma'am." The mutton, however, was so underdone that we pointed it out to our good-natured waiter. "Yes, sir; and see, ma'am, the mutton in these parts, as I told yer honors, is the best in all Ireland; and so juicy, that it's the natur of it; *that's it* — it's the juiciness of the mutton makes it so. I give ye my honor *it's that* — ye understand — the quality of the meat, nothing else — the goodness of it; *but maybe ye'd like the cook to take some of that out of it?* she'll do so in five minutes — the finest cook in all Ireland!" and he bore off the mutton, and soon returned it after the cutlet fashion. "I told yer

honors," he exclaimed, "the finest cook in all Ireland; two ways, ay, ten ways, with the same thing; it goes down one thing and comes up another. Ay, faith, the lady would never forget if she saw her toss a pancake; she'll send it up the chimney out of sight, and down it'll come finished — *all but the ailing.*"

Ned Kelly, who tended upon the quality in the only inn in a seaside town, was an easy, cunning old fellow, who never failed to give his opinion, whether it was asked or not. One day, an English gentleman, when he ordered anchovy or soy, as a relish to a certain dish, could hardly believe his senses as the waiter replied, "They're not wholesome, please yer honor." "Whether or not, my good fellow," replied the gentleman, "I must trouble you for one or the other." "O, it's no trouble in life, sir; and even if it was, Neddy Kelly has been too long in this establishment to be after minding trouble. I know my duty, I hope, yer honor; but, as to thim things, we've too great a regard for the health, the constitutions, of our customers to pisin them with any thing worse than melted butter, a drop of oil, or a thrifle of pepper; as to salt, a gentleman can please himself." "O," said the Englishman, with much good humor, "then I suppose you are a physician?" "I'd be long sorry, sir; *for, living here, I'd have no practice.*"

Depending upon this waiter's assurance that "there was every thing in the house they'd please to think of," in addition to the chickens and bacon, which were always of excellent quality, our party suggested the addition of lamb chops, to complete the dinner. The chickens and bacon, with a dish of potatoes, "laugh-

ing," as Ned expressed it, "ready to break their hearts," made their appearance; but there were no lamb chops. They were immediately inquired for. "O," said the waiter, "the quality runs intirely on chickens and bacon." "But you said you had lamb, and we ordered it." "And I said the truth, yer honors," replied the unabashed Neddy; "I said we had *lambs*, let alone *lamb*, and thought it mighty kind of yer honors to inquire; and sure there they are, if ye'll be satisfied to look out of the windy, *little waggletailed innocent craythurs*."

An inn of this description afforded no butcher's meat, except on market day; but Neddy would not, if he could help it, allow us to suppose that there was any thing his master's house could not furnish. —Mrs. Hall.

The Dying Boy.

HENRY WILLIAMS was a remarkably good boy — always obedient, gentle, and affectionate. His playfellows loved him dearly, because he never spoke unkind words, or tried to vex them.

This good child was taken very ill. All winter he was wasting away, growing weaker and weaker every hour, but patient and smiling, even to the last moment. His mother hoped that the soft air and mild sunbeams of spring would make the roses on his cheek grow red again. The warm season returned; and during a few of the bright days, Henry was able to walk in the garden, and watch the opening flowers. But soon his step grew more feeble, and his cheek more pale. He could no longer whistle to the birds, or stoop to gather the flowers; and

his mother knew that her gentle boy would soon die.

One day, when she held him in her arms, he looked up in her face, and said, "Mother, you often speak about death, and always as if you thought I could not live. Mother, I do not want to die. I do not like to leave you, and my sisters, and all my pretty things;" and as he said this, the tears came into his eyes.

His mother smoothed back his hair, and looked tenderly upon him, as she replied, "Henry, you dearly love to hear the birds sing. How happy the little creatures seem to be, jumping from bough to bough, and singing sweet songs to each other! But they do not stay among us, to endure the storms and piercing cold of winter. They fly away to pleasant lands, where the air is mild and the flowers are bright; where they find brothers and sisters, parents and friends; where they can chirp in the sunshine, without any fear that summer will have an end. When it is time for the little birds to go to these joyful countries, they are not sorry to go; for they know it will be well with them when they arrive at that pleasant home which God has provided for them. They do not wish to stay here, to endure the cold and the storms."

Henry smiled sweetly; for he understood what his mother said about the birds; and he knew that he too should go to a brighter and happier world.

The next day, as his mother sat beside his bed, he looked up expressively, and said, "Dear mother, I am not afraid to die, any more than the little birds are afraid to go among the sunshine and the flowers."

Then his mother kissed him, and was glad in her heart.

In a few weeks Henry died. When they placed him in his coffin, there was a holy smile about his lips, as if his soul, before it went to live forever with the angels, had caught some glimpses of his bright and happy home in heaven.

Juvenile Miscellany.



The King of Belgium.

IN former numbers of the Museum, we have given portraits of some of the living kings of Europe; and, as we learn that they have afforded gratification to our readers, we now present them with a likeness of Leopold, the present king of Belgium.

This personage was a prince of Saxe-Coburg, one of the small states of Germany. When a young man, he was mar-

ried to the Princess Charlotte of England, only daughter of George IV. by the unfortunate Queen Caroline. She was thus heir to the crown of England; and Leopold expected, no doubt, that his wife would be queen of that country. But she died soon after the marriage, greatly to the sorrow of the English people. Leopold, however, receives 50,000 pounds sterling (240,000 dollars) a year, which is a pretty handsome sum for marrying a fine woman who was heir to a crown!

After the revolution in Paris, in 1830, the Belgian provinces of the Netherlands revolted, and succeeded in establishing their independence. A son of Louis Philippe of France was chosen king; but, as he declined the crown, Leopold was elected, and is still the sovereign of Belgium. He is a grave-looking man, and may be often seen walking alone in the city of Brussels, which is his capital. Though not a man of great capacity, he possesses good sense, and, what is better, a good heart. Though a king, he seems not to forget that he is a man, and that his subjects are his fellow-creatures. Since his reign began, Belgium has flourished, and it is now the most thickly-settled country in Europe. Its manufactures are very extensive, varied, and ingenious, and portions of the country are as highly cultivated as the best parts of England.

Religion and medicine are not responsible for the faults and mistakes of the doctors.

An *indiscreet person* is like an unsealed letter, which every one can peruse.

Faith spans the gulf of Death with the bridge of Hope.



Sir Philip Sidney.

THIS celebrated man was the son of Sir Henry Sidney, and was born in Kent, England, in 1554. He was placed at school at Shrewsbury, and, at the early age of twelve, he was distinguished for intelligence and gravity beyond his years. At fifteen, he entered Christ Church, at Oxford, where he did himself great honor. In 1572, he began to travel, and, for three years, he devoted himself to improvement in horsemanship and other exercises, in Italy, Germany, and France.

When he returned home, Sidney became at once a very successful courtier, obtaining great favor from Queen Elizabeth, who appointed him ambassador to the court of Vienna. A quarrel with the Earl of Oxford occasioned his retirement from court for a short period, when he wrote the famous "Arcadia." A review of the work says, "The feeling

which the 'Arcadia' excites is a calm and pensive pleasure, at once tranquil, full, and exquisite." It was universally read and admired at the time of its publication, and gave an impulse to the national taste for the romantic style of fiction. Charles I. solaced his hours of imprisonment by the perusal of it.

In 1581, Sidney wrote his celebrated "Defence of Poesie." It was received with high favor by all classes. In 1583, he married Frances, daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, and was soon after created knight by the queen. In 1585, he meditated joining Drake's expedition to the West Indies; but the queen, fearful lest "she should lose the jewel of her dominions," as she termed Sir Philip, peremptorily forbade his departure. The crown of Poland was at this time offered to him, which he declined.

He accepted, however, the governorship of Flushing, in Holland. A war was carried on at this time between that country and Spain. After some successes against the enemy, the troops under Sir Philip's command accidentally met and encountered a force of three thousand men. An engagement took place. After having had a horse shot under him, Sidney received a wound from a musket bullet in the left thigh, a little above the knee.

The anecdote related by Lord Brooke, of his conduct in leaving the battle-field, illustrates his character. His words are, "In which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army, where his uncle, the general, was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for some drink, which was presently brought him; but, as he was putting the bottle to his

mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, ghastly, turning up his eyes at the bottle; which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man with these words: 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'"

The wound he had received was mortal; and, after many days of severe suffering, he died at Arnheim, in 1586, in the thirty-third year of his age. His body was conveyed to England, and, after lying many days in state, was interred in St. Paul's Cathedral. A general mourning was for the first time observed throughout the country; and such was the high estimation in which he was held, that the universities published three volumes of elegies on his death. One of his panegyrists speaks of him as treading, "from his cradle to his grave, amid incense and flowers, and dying in a dream of glory."

The chivalry of his character, his learning, and untimely fate, combine to make him an object of great interest. His writings, while they are marked with great brilliancy of imagination and chasteness of sentiment, are still strained and artificial in their style. This, however, was the taste of the age in which he lived.

Harry Clifford's Wood-Ramble.

BY JACAPA.

HARRY CLIFFORD had spent the livelong day
In a search for wild flowerets, bright and gay;
His basket was filled to the very brim
With their roots which he dug, and these to him
Were of wondrous worth. O, how he would
vaunt
Of their forest beauty! They should flaunt

Their crimson buds in the pleasantest rays
Of the morning sun, and the merriest lays
Of the woodland birds should still be theirs,
And the dew, and the showers; but the weeds
and tares

Might not come near, or the trowel should
jerk

The intruders up;—and all this work
Harry thought of in glee; and to rest awhile,
Before going home, which was more than a
mile

Away from there, he threw himself down
Full length on the grass; and the shady crown
Of the sighing leaves on the branches above,
And the mournful coo of the turtle-dove,
Fell soft on his ear; and the oriole's song
Filled the air with music. Well, before long,
The weary boy had fallen asleep;
The grasshopper's chirp at each onward leap
He no longer heard, nor the streamlet's trill
In its stony bed. All, all was still.

Just as the sun had said a good-night
To the clouds around it so pink and so white,
The boom of a gun came with a loud twang,
Floating along till the old woods rang.
Harry leaped up, and so wide awake,
That he made the green ground beneath him
shake;

He caught up his basket, as though it were
that,

Instead of the birds, the shooting was at.
But the roots were safe, and he rubbed his
eyes,

And laughed in glee as he looked at his prize.
He turned towards home, but before him stood
A huntsman;—he thought him like Robin
Hood.

His long, loose jacket was deeply green,
And his large, dark eyes were bright and
keen;

His cheeks were rosy, his teeth were white;
He was handsome enough for a real knight;
And he leaned on his gun with such kingly
ease,

And seemed so determined Harry to please,
That the boy was enraptured ere a word
From the stranger's ruby lips was heard.

"My boy! you have got quite a pretty store
Of flower-roots; here is something more

To take with you home ; a fresh-killed hare,
Five minutes ago asleep in its lair."

Thus the hunter spoke ; and Harry replied,
"Thanks, kind sir ; but see, from its side
So ruffled and torn, the red drops stream !
And its half-closed eyes so kindly beam
In their dying beauty, I can't help sigh
To think that so lovely a thing must die."

"That was nobly said, my gallant boy !
Now tell me true, have you such a toy
As a bow and arrows ? Do you maim
The poor little birds, who come so tame
To eat the crumbs from around the door, —
Sometimes hop on the sill to find some more,
Or steal a few cherries from off your trees,
Then sing you a song, which the first warm
breeze

Brings to your ear ? Though thus you are
paid,

Do you ramble forth through the sunny glade,
And with murderous stones, or bow and ar-
rows,

Do you strike or shoot the "little cock-spar-
rows" ?

"O, no !" said Harry ; "I have been told
That happy life is worth more than gold.
How could I take it forever away
From the innocent things, and afterwards
say,

'Here are brown-birds and red-breasts half a
score,

And when the cat's eaten them, she shall have
more ?'

No, indeed, not so ! I never would
Hurt even a chicken, except for food ;
And you know it is then quite right to kill ;
And as this can be ate, of course no ill
Is done, to take the wild 'bunny's' life.
But I grieve that always war and strife
Must be between man and the poor dumb
beasts ;

They must suffer and die, that we may have
feasts."

"I am glad that a boy who looks brave and
bold

Is not in his heart either callous or cold."
Thus spake the hunter, and, turning away,
Said, with a kind voice, "Some other day
Follow this wood-path another mile,
Then climb over a huge old stile,

Pass through the meadow and orchard, and
next

Up the green lawn ; you shall not be vexed
By cross dogs or men, but safely come
To the door of my cot. The honey-bee's
hum

And the robin's song will greet your ear ;
Nothing on earth shall you have to fear.
Perhaps you will see me somewhere about
If at work in the garden, give a loud shout ;
If not, inquire, and the servants will tell
Where next you must look for Marc Lafelle
Having found me out, I think I can say
For a surety, you'll spend a delightful day.
My singing-birds, and bright, golden fish,
You shall see and hear ; and, if you wish,
Beautiful flowers shall in hundreds gleam
And glisten for you in the glad sunbeam."

As the huntsman spoke, Harry's eye grew
bright

As the flowers he told of that shone in the
light ;

And he said, with thanks, he should some day
go

To see the plants that so grand did grow.
They both said, "Good night !" and when
home

Harry had come from his forest-roam,
He showed his wild rabbit to great and small,
But told his adventure to none at all,
Except his mother ; she said he might
Visit whom he called the "green-clad knight.
Of this visit so fine to the hunter's cot,
Of its flowers, and its birds, and its fairy grot,
I may tell you again, my dear young friends ;
And with this half-promise my story ends.

From a Correspondent.

A GARRULOUS barber, being called to
shave Archelaus, asked him, "How shall
I shave you ?" "In silence !" was the
reply.

The River of Time has its cataracts
and falls, and these are its revolutions.

Fontenelle says that women have a
fibre *more* in the heart, and a *ce* less in
the brain, than men.



The present Emperor of China.

THIS monarch of the Celestial Empire, named *Taou-Kwang*, is a grandson of *Kien-Long*, who was many years emperor, and was famed for his wisdom and benevolence. He succeeded his profligate father, *Kea-King*, in 1820, having been preferred to an elder brother for having saved his father's life when he was attacked by assassins.

Nothing can seem more absurd than the pompous proclamations of these Chinese emperors. The following passage

from Taou-Kwang's message when he came to the throne, will serve as a specimen: —

"My sacred and indulgent father had, in the year that he began to rule alone, silently settled that the divine utensil, the throne, should devolve on my contemptible person. I, knowing the feebleness of my virtue, at first felt much afraid I should not be competent to the office; but, on reflecting that the sages, my ancestors, have left to posterity their plans; that his late majesty has laid the duty on me; and heaven's throne should not be long vacant, — I have done violence to my feelings, and forced myself to intermit awhile my heartfelt grief, that I may with reverence obey the unalterable decree; and on the 27th of the 8th moon, (October 3d,) I purpose devoutly to announce the event to heaven, to the earth, to my ancestors, and to the gods of the land and of the grain, and shall then sit down on the imperial throne. Let the next year be the first of Taou-Kwang."

The reign of this emperor has not been marked with any great events, except the war with Great Britain, which is likely, however, to lead to important results. Taou-Kwang has several sons; his fourth, whom he has named as his successor, was born in 1831.

"FRIENDSHIP, like an evergreen, will brave
the inclement blast,
And still retain the bloom of spring when
summer days are past;
And though the wintry sky should lower, and
dim the cheerful day,
She still preserves a vital power, unconscious
of decay."

The Window-Swallow.

THE window-swallow is celebrated for selecting singular situations for its nest. M. Hebert saw a pair build on the spring of a bell, the bottom of the nest resting on the spring, while the upper semicircular brim leaned against the wall by its two ends, three or four inches below the eaves. The two birds, during the time they were employed in the construction, passed the nights on the iron spikes to which the spring was fastened. The frequent concussion given by the spring could not fail to disturb the action of nature in the development of the young, and accordingly the hatch did not succeed. Yet the pair would not forsake their tottering mansion, but continued to inhabit it for the rest of the season.

Another pair, mentioned by Bingley, built for two successive seasons on the handles of a pair of garden-shears, which had been stuck up against the boards in an out-house. A still more singular instance is recorded of a pair which built their nest on the wings and body of a dead owl, hung upon the rafter of a barn, and so loose as to be moved with every gust of wind. This owl, with the nest on its wings, and the eggs in the nest, was brought as a curiosity to the museum of Sir Ashton Lever, who, struck with the oddity of the thing, desired a large shell to be fixed up where the owl had hung. The following season, a nest, as had been anticipated, was built there, and was transmitted to the museum as a companion to the owl.

DESPISE none — despair of none.



William Wilberforce.

This great and good man was born at Hull, England, in 1759. His constitution, in infancy, was so weak, that he often expressed his gratitude in after life that "he had not been born in less civilized times, when it would have been thought impossible to rear so delicate a child." He was, however, an active and spirited boy, of good abilities, and showing, even at the early age of seven, a remarkable talent for elocution.

He commenced his education at the grammar school at Hull, which he attended for two years; but on the death of his father, his uncle placed him in an indifferent school at Wimbledon, where

his aunt first led him to contemplate the truths of religion, as expounded by the celebrated Whitefield. His mother, fearing that he would become a Methodist, removed him to a grammar school at Pocklington, where his talents for society and his skill in singing made him very acceptable to the neighboring gentry; yet he greatly excelled all the other boys in composition, and when but fourteen years of age, he addressed a letter to the editor of the York paper "in condemnation of the odious traffic in human flesh."

When he had reached the age of seventeen, he entered St. John's College,

Cambridge. By the death of his uncle, he became possessed of a handsome fortune; but in spite of all the consequent temptations to idleness, he became a good classic, and acquitted himself well in his examinations.

Before he had completed his twenty-first year, Wilberforce was made member of Parliament. He now went to London, entered into the first society, and became intimate with the leading wits and politicians of the day. He became the friend of Pitt, with whom he was constantly associated, and whom he supported in all his measures. Notwithstanding the career of pleasure and ambition that opened before him, Wilberforce resolved to devote all his energies to the cause of religion and philanthropy, and only waited for a suitable occasion to enter upon his task. This soon presented itself. A society having been formed for the abolition of the slave trade, Wilberforce, in connection with Clarkson, the agent, sought to interest all parties in the cause. For twenty years he strove indefatigably—in Parliament by his speeches, in society by his conversation, and through the press by his pen.

In 1788, when in the very midst of his labors, he was taken so ill that his physicians thought he would not live a fortnight; and though he recovered, he says himself, "at thirty and a half, I am, in constitution, sixty." His eyes had always been weak; but the great object he had in view nerved him for every task, and he confidently relied upon ultimate success.

At length, the hour of triumph was at hand. In January, 1807, he published a book against the slave trade, at the very

moment that the question was to be discussed in the House of Lords. The abolition bill passed the Lords; and its passage through the Commons was one continued triumph to Wilberforce. Sir Samuel Romilly concluded a speech in favor of it, by contrasting "the feelings of Napoleon, in all his greatness, with those of that honored individual who would this night lay his head upon his pillow, and remember that the slave trade was no more;" when the whole house burst forth in acclamations of applause, and greeted Mr. Wilberforce with three cheers. He was himself so overcome as to be insensible to all that was passing around him.

He spent many years of his after life in inducing foreign powers to follow the example of England in the abolition of the slave trade, by personal intercourse or correspondence. The emperor Alexander, the king of Prussia, and even the pope, were in turn solicited. In 1825, he retired from Parliament, having spent forty-six years in public life. He spent the remainder of his days in retirement, devoting, as he had ever done, much of his time, and a third of his income, in acts of private charity. His last days were cheerful and resigned, and he died in 1833, at the age of 74 years, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a statue is erected to his memory.

FASHIONABLE GLOSSARY.

"Not at Home."—Sitting quietly in your own parlor, learning the last new song.

Age.—An infirmity nobody owns

Time — O-1

Correspondence.

WE have this month to acknowledge the favors of F. S. R., of Woburn; J. L. C., of Lancaster; R. P. Noah, of Guilford; P. P——n, of Portsmouth, &c. They will see that we have not space for their communications at present. The following will be read with interest:—

Steamer "*Bois d'Arc*,"
Red River, April 23, 1845. }

MR. ROBERT MERRY:—

SIR: Having occasion to forward some subscribers' names, which, in my travels in this region, I have received for your Museum, "I reckon"—though, were I in your Yankee land, I might say "I guess"—it will not be amiss to send you a slight sketch, which may give you and your many little friends a glimpse into the mysteries of this crooked and curious river, and of this wild and wonderful country.

Should those of your readers who have not studied French stumble, at the outset, on seeing the queer name of the boat on which I date, we must inform them that, in English, it means *Bow-wood*—a kind of tree, growing far away up this river, from which the Indians make excellent *bows*, and of which is made *this boat's bow*. If you look on Smith's large map of the United States, you may see, in the north-west part of Louisiana, on the west side of Red River,—about twenty miles from the Texas line,—the new and flourishing little town of Shreveport. To this, and to the little rural settlement, still nearer to Texas, called *Greenwood*—a scattered group of log-cabins and small frame houses on a hill, in the Pine Woods—a pleasant and retired place, where they have two schools—you are now requested to introduce some copies of the Museum for 1845. Though, in Shreveport, that dangerous code known as the "*Laws of Judge Lynch*" has been, from all accounts, quite too prevalent,—and even now, it must be confessed, some

of its citizens are "*mighty like*" to "blaze away," as they say, at the man who incurs their displeasure,—yet the manners of the place seem to be improving, and promise to make it very respectable when they shall be brought more under the influence of law and ladies—*especially the latter*, who are now there but few in number.

The town takes its name from Captain *Shreve*, for his energy and success in removing much of the "*great raft*," which formerly extended thirty or forty miles below that point, and as far above it. Having, on the previous day, arrived from *Port Caddo* in Texas, and completed her lading by adding that which a smaller boat had, on account of the shallowness of the lakes, brought out for her, the *Bois d'Arc*, yesterday morning left the Landing of S., so heaped up and covered over with about 1100 bales of cotton as to look more like a floating pile of General Jackson's breastworks, at the battle of New Orleans, than like a steamboat. Her decent cabin and state-rooms accommodated as respectable a company of passengers as one can often find on these waters; and we should be comfortable were it not for the warmth of the weather, made more oppressive from the exclusion of any breeze by the dense forests on both sides of the stream, and the close walls of cotton around us.

This river is rightly named, from the color of its muddy water, and of the soil on its banks. It is very crooked, and in these parts narrow, so that often, in "making a bend," the boat must strike the shore, lose its headway, swing off, and go on again. Thus we sometimes find ourselves in close quarters with the bushes and limbs of trees. Though from Shreveport to Natchitoches, the next town below, the distance by land is not a hundred miles, it is two hundred and fifty by water. The shores are low, generally subject to overflow, and covered with woods, except here and there a clearing, with some fields of corn and cotton. Of course this scenery is not so interesting as

that on the Hudson or Connecticut; but the sportsmen, whose companion is always a gun, amuse themselves and others by "popping" at the alligators, while some read, some play cards, some talk or lounge, and one, at least, you perceive, scribbles. One poor young man, too, far gone with consumption, is trying to reach his friends in another state.

But to the point which I had in mind when I began this story — already, I fear, too long. Perhaps you have not yet seen good reasons for my calling this a curious river and a wonderful country. We have just made our escape from a "*raft*," which had detained us twenty hours. This *raft* was formed by the *drift*, or the numerous trees, logs, and sticks, which, in floating down the stream, had lodged against a large tree, prostrated across the channel by the force of a hurricane, which passed through this region the day before we arrived. For many miles along the river, the course of the storm is marked by its havoc among the forest-trees, some torn out by the roots, some twisted and broken to shivers above the ground, some stripped of their limbs; and the tall, naked stumps, which had been left standing in the cleared fields of the planters, were strewn over the cultivated ground, while the foliage seemed cut to pieces, and the growing crops beaten down, by the hail.

We found the river, twenty-four hours after the tempest, clogged up for the distance of fifty or sixty rods. The tree being cut off, the raft moved; but the main part soon stopped. A little more work then would doubtless have loosened the whole; but our "Captain Smoker," not wishing to lose time, attempting to *smoke* the steamer through, drove her like a wedge into the mass; but failing, backed up and tried again, repeating this operation several times, and reminding one of the combats of *certain quadrupeds* common in your country. The last time, taking a good start, the steamer made a desperate push, but was brought up, where she was snugly held till morning. In the evening, the "Maid of Kentucky" came up to our stern, where, of course, she had to

"lie by." This morning, after some ineffectual efforts to relieve ourselves by hauling out the logs with the windlass, and after the "South-Western," had, with much labor, succeeded in clearing away another raft a short distance below us, she came up to our bow, and making fast to hers one large "hauser," backed away till she broke it, then gave us her new one, and finally pulled us, raft and all, out of "a mighty tight place."

Now if you don't agree that this is a *great country, at least for squalls*, and that this is "one droll stream" to navigate, you differ in opinion from

A FRIEND TO MERRY.

Petersham, May 26, 1845.

MR. MERRY:

SEEING that you have many little correspondents, (some with *black* eyes, and some with *blue*,) I thought you would be kind enough to excuse *me* for writing a few lines, as I wish to thank my little cousin S. M. W——, from whom you published a letter in April, 1844, through your pages, for her kindness in sending me your most interesting Museum.

I have received three bound volumes, and the Numbers for last year and five for this. I would like very much to go to Georgia and thank my cousin for her thoughtfulness of me, and roam with her over the green pastures and meadows, and gather the sweet flowers, and by the little streams to watch the bright waters as they joyfully dance along their way towards the ocean. I would like also to see that curious rock she wrote about, and wanted you to visit, and write a story about. But it is far, far away, and I cannot go; so I will content myself to stay at home and read your interesting stories. Good-by, Mr. Merry.

JULIA A. W——.

Springfield, May, 1845.

MR. ROBERT MERRY:

DEAR SIR: I have read Merry's Museum more than four years. I think every number

grows more and more interesting. I should not like to part with it. I thought I would write, for the amusement of your little black-eyed and blue-eyed readers, about three little chickens. I will let one of the chickens tell the story.

Story of the Three Chickens.

"My first recollection, after I saw the light, was that my mother, with myself and two sisters, was wandering about in the farm-yard. Mother was scratching with all her might to get some food for her little family. By some circumstance which we were too young to understand, we were deprived of our mother. Then we went *yeeping, yeeping* around the farm-yard, until we found our way to our master's door, when our master's daughter, a fine young lady, had compassion upon us, took us and brooded and protected us a few days. Then she presented us to a young friend of hers, who was very much pleased with us. She was delighted to see us run about the yard, and come and feed out of her hand.

"One day our little mistress was absent. While we were playing by ourselves, a great cat pounced upon us, and caught one of my sisters, and ran away with her. We were exceedingly frightened; but at that moment our little mistress came, took us up, and shed many tears over us at the loss of one of her little pets. From that moment our little mistress never suffered us to be out of her sight. She would sit for hours and hold us in her lap, and read a little book. O, how much comfort we did take! While she was reading, and looking at the pretty pictures, we would turn up our little eyes, and peer in her face, and wonder what she was about. How peaceful and happy we were in those happy days! But we have got to be great chickens—I might almost say old hens—now, and we try to repay our little mistress by giving her as many eggs as we can!"

Such, Mr. Merry, is the story. You may print it if you please, but don't tell any body, who wrote it.

M. S.

Lowell, April, 1845.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

You cannot think how much pleasure my little sister and myself take in your little periodical. When we see the pink cover in our father's hand, we exclaim in one voice, "I speak for Merry's Museum!" I think that the cover for this year is as good as any you have ever had; but if the old man there is intended for you, the designer forgot that you had but one good leg. Excuse my criticism, Mr. Merry.

I liked the Old Man in the Corner's productions very much; but I am afraid he will never appear again. Did he go away with old 1844? Or is his package empty? I should like to hear from your friend Bill Keeler. I hope he will come again to amuse the readers of Merry's Museum with his laughable stories.

I thank you for one thing, Mr. Merry; you are more punctual than you used to be. Last year, if I went to visit my little friends, among other various questions, I was generally asked, "Has your Merry's Museum come yet?" Then they would say, "I wish they would come sooner; I want to find how such a story ends." But now they come at the beginning of the month. How many names you have! Robert Merry, Peter Parley, and did you not at one time call yourself "Robert Rambler"? I subscribe for your Parley's Cabinet Library—it is a most useful, instructive, and entertaining work. You suggested once having a book entitled the "Puzzler puzzled." I think it would be a good plan to have the three last pages of the Museum devoted to puzzles. I often see, in your magazines, puzzles sent by subscribers; and if you think the following worthy of a place in the Museum, by inserting it you would confer a great pleasure on

Your blue-eyed subscriber,

E. O. K.

AN ACROSTICAL ENIGMA;

INSCRIBED TO MR. ROBERT MERRY.

I am a word of fifteen letters.

My 1, 8, 3, 2, was wanted by Oliver Twist

My 2, 13, 2, 15, 5, is a mournful song.

My 3, 11, 10, is the name of a Mississippi branch.

My 4, 2, 14, 10, is found by the river's side.

My 5, 2, 13, 13, is a savage cry.

My 6, 2, 3, 4, 11, 4, is a French word for squeeze.

My 7, 3, 2, 12, is a celebrated man, and bird.

My 8, 3, 10, 11, 4, is essential to all.

My 9, 5, 2, 6, is an introduction to a proclamation.

My 10, 2, 12, is the resort of wild animals.

My 11, 5, 2, is a remarkable part of man.

My 12, 11, 5, was a hero.

My 13, 2, 15, is part of my whole.

My 14, 12, 10, is the extremity of all.

My 15, 8, 10, 10, 11, 6, is a title of the River Ganges.

My whole is a devoted friend of the young, and something which he always carries about with him. Do you give it up?

The Captive Bluebird.

Affettuoso.

p Sweet lit-tle mis-tress, let me go, And I'll smooth the feathers on my brow, And

sing you a song so sweet and clear, That you will be glad to

stop and hear, That you will be glad to stop and hear.

Indeed, you know not what you do;
I'll tell you all, and tell you true.
I've left some young ones in the tree,
In a soft nest—there are one, two, three.

Ah me! no more, at early morn,
Shall I rest my foot on the stooping thorn,
And pour the song from my soft breast,
While my dear young ones are at rest.

No more shall I, with eager bill,
Snatch up the worm from off the hill;
And no more hear the trembling cry
That welcomes me when I draw nigh.

But my sad notes have touched your heart
Your open hand bids me depart;
Blessings on thee, my mistress dear;
My darlings have no more to fear!